

FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1919

# *Reedy's* MIRROR

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## Will Your Easter Suit Celebrate the Fourth of July?

Or will its princely  
swagger turn to a pau-  
per's existence a month  
after the promenade?

Will the Style stay  
fresh?

Will the Fit remain?

Or will the cloth need  
pressing every pay  
day?

These are the things  
you need to know  
about an Easter Suit  
before it takes your  
name and money.

If it's a STEER Suit,  
you can choose with-  
out a question.

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is all you need to see  
—the rest is certain.

# Steer's

Olive and Ninth

"You can reach a man's heart through his stomach," quoted the Parlor Philosopher. "Yes, if you can afford to pay the check," retorted the Mere Man.—*Life*.

❖

"Was papa the first man who ever proposed to you, mamma?" "Yes, but why do you ask?" "I was just thinking that you might have done better if you had shopped around a little more."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

## New Books Received

Orders of any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price with postage added when necessary. Address REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

POEMS ABOUT GOD by Lt. John Crowe Ransom. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.25.

A volume dealing in a frank and fearless fashion with the greatest of all universal ideas. God is brought to book in the spirit of the famous quatrain of Omar suggesting that God must ask forgiveness of man. There are many poems which will startle the religious, but the verses as a whole are characterized by humility lightened with humor. An unique essay in the poetizing of a personal philosophy.

THE NEW DAY by Scudder Middleton. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.

Poems expressive of the joy and hope that have been awakened in the world by and with the ending of the war. Mr. Middleton is a well poised optimist. He is not afraid of realism now and again. His thought is as firm as his form is excellently controlled.

THE HOHENZOLLERN IN AMERICA by Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.25.

The proper punishment for the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs, Mr. Leacock thinks, is that they should be made to work. In this book he shows all of them as humble immigrants to America where each works out his destiny. This moving sketch of imaginary conditions is followed by a glance through the humorist's glasses at what the Bolsheviks are doing in Berlin and at affairs in Turkey. "Echoes of the War" and "Other Impossibilities" are good natured satirical skits on everyday phases of life with which we are all familiar.

PRESIDENT WILSON by Daniel Halévy. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.50.

This volume was primarily prepared as an interpretation of the President's character and policies to the French people, and naturally his foreign policy is stressed. The difficulties of the President's position—the Irish-American situation, the German-American problem, the traditional American isolation, as against the desire to shorten the war abroad and preserve peace in America—are sympathetically stated and his personality and literary achievements discussed. Translated from the original French by Hugh Stokes.

S. O. S. by Isaac Marcossou. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.50.

The history and romance of the services of supply which fed, equipped and transported the American Expeditionary Forces, written under the authority of General Pershing. Illustrated with photographs of men prominent in the department.

THE YEARS BETWEEN by Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.

A collection of poems, some recent and others grown familiar, first announced under the title "Gethsemane." The volume includes Kipling's famous war poems, "France," "Lord Roberts," "For All We Have and Are," "Russia to the Pacificists" and others; also his poem on the wrongs of Ulster, his bitter indictment of the Pope—"A Song at Cock Crow," "The Sons of Martha," "Gethsemane" and forty or fifty others all in his best manner. Indexed by titles and first lines.

ESCAPE AND FANTASY by George Rostrevor. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.

A slender volume of verse distinguished by its delicate fancy and its masterly technique, from the mind of a new poet. The work shows that the old poetic forms, with their conventions, are competent containers and imparters of thought, feeling, fancy, charm.

THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE by W. B. Yeats. New York: Macmillan Co., \$1.25.

Forty poems on a variety of themes and in a variety of moods, all exhibiting the peculiar genius and skill of this popular Irish essayist, poet, playwright. Yeats is as ever the mystic, with nevertheless no lax grip upon the realities.

THE ARROW OF GOLD by Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.

A romance of Marcellus and the Spanish coast of the time when Don Carlos de Bourbon made his attempt for the throne of Spain. The heroine is the daughter of one of the supporters of Don Carlos, fascinating and much sought after. In this new story Conrad's style is more direct and free from the circumlocution which characterizes his other works.

AGAINST THE WINDS by Kate Jordan. Boston: Little-Brown & Co., \$1.50.

A novel whose heroine is a charming Southern girl led, by her longing to escape the sordid surroundings and conditions of her mother's home, into strange ways and bitter struggles. Analytical fiction with the quality of dramatic suspense. Four illustrations.

THE THUNDER BIRD by B. M. Bower. Boston: Little-Brown Co., \$1.50.

The further aeronautic adventures of "Sky-rider" Johnny Jewell, in which he is first the envy and then the victim of his former companions, but in the end succeeds gloriously in all his ambitions. Frontispiece.

BLIND ALLEY by W. L. George. Boston: Little-Brown & Co., \$1.75.

In this novel the author of "The Second Blooming" and "The Strangers' Wedding," describes a typical Sussex family and the stages of their metamorphosis of character effected by the war. Sir Hugh Oakley, the central figure, begins with uncritical acceptance of the righteousness of his country's cause, but as his intelligence reacts to the varying events and revelations of the war he recedes from this position until he is almost a pro-German, later he becomes convinced that the spirit of the race is greater than the government, and that in the Anglo-Saxon spirit lies the hope of America. Life in England during war time is limned in bold strokes. The book is a passionate protest against war, yet indicating what can be done to avoid its recurrence. The author considers this his best novel.

RUTH OF THE U. S. A. by Edwin Balmer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg Co., \$1.50.

A Chicago stenographer purchases a box of pencils from a street beggar and upon opening it finds money and a passport to France. Mistaken for a German secret service worker, she resolves to fill the role in the interests of her own country. Her adventures are numerous and thrilling, leading to the battlefield and into the heart of Germany. Frontispiece.

JUNGLE TALES OF TARZAN by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg Co., \$1.40.

In this, the sixth of the Tarzan tales, is recounted the desperate adventures which befell the ape-man in the heart of his native jungle. Tarzan was lost in the jungle as an infant and grew up with animals for his companions and associates. Some of the animals were his enemies, but eventually he conquered them all and became king of the apes. Page illustrations in sepia.

THE PALISER CASE by Edgar Saltus. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.60.

The first novel from this author's pen in quite a number of years. Readers of fiction as far back as twenty years ago will find that Mr. Saltus has lost none of his color and passion. Likewise, he retains his staccato style and his delight in neologisms and archaisms. This is a story of gold, pain, curious crime and the heart of a girl. The characterization throughout is brilliant. The plot is exciting. Altogether a story not soon to be forgotten.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR by Maj. Walter Guest Kellogg. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.00.

Major Kellogg, who writes this book, is the chairman of the Board of Inquiry on Conscientious Objectors. He presents his own observation and analysis of the objector as the result of official examination of many types of that character in the military camps throughout the country. Secretary of War Newton D. Baker has written a preface for this book. Maj. Kellogg presents recommendations as to future action with regard to disbelievers in war in the event of the country's going into battle again. The conclusion is chiefly that absolute submission to the laws, after the manner of Socrates, can hardly be modified to an extent that will be satisfactory to the objectors.

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## Signals

Senator Chamberlain was talking about a war profiteer.

"I don't say the man's dishonest," he concluded, "but I do say he's got a very low moral standard."

"He was playing bridge in a Red Cross tournament the other night. His partner, a bishop's wife, left the call to him, and he made it diamonds, but when he put his hand down it was found to contain only two diamonds, both low cards."

"What on earth induced you to go diamonds on such a hand as that?" the bishop's wife asked.

"Didn't you twiddle your diamond ring, ma'am?" said the profiteer.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

❖

"Doctor, why is it that some people who are perfect wrecks live longer than others who are strong and well?" "Er—well—you see the others die first."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

## PITCHFORK SMITH



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I don't propose to give you a Ford car if you become a subscriber. I won't give you even a lead pencil. I consider that "virtue is its own reward" and that THE PITCHFORK is worth every cent of its subscription price.

I want fifty thousand new subscribers in ninety days. The subscription price of The Pitchfork is \$1.00 a year. Just to get acquainted with you, and show you what you have been missing all these years, I offer to send you The Pitchfork SIX MONTHS for only 25c. Please don't send postage stamps, as I have a pillow-case full of postage stamps on hand now. Just wrap up a silver twenty-five cent piece in the coupon, attached below. The reason I can afford to send you The Pitchfork the first six months for a quarter is that you will send me a dollar a year for it the rest of your life.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## The Victory Loan

By W. M. R.

EVERYBODY should come up and subscribe to the Victory Loan. It's worth the money to wind up the war. The Government wants only \$4,500,000,000. It was expected the call would be for at least one-third as much more. The interest rate is higher than on any of the preceding loans—4¾ per cent—and the bonds are exempt from federal, state and local taxes, save estate, inheritance and super taxes on incomes. The bonds are for a brief period, which the Government may make briefer, and the conversion privilege is an added attraction. The first Liberty Bonds with the same tax exemption, though with one-quarter of 1 per cent less interest, may be exchanged for the new issue. These features commend the bonds to the individual investor rather than to the banks. The banks could take them, but that would mean the tying up of a lot of money the banks should keep to help their customers extend business. For the bonds you take, you will pay 10 per cent when the purchase is made, 10 per cent in July and 20 per cent a month for four months thereafter. The banks will help you to make these payments. These bonds are the thing into which to put your savings. This will be the last popular loan, though there will be later issues of treasury certificates and refunding issues in the course of some years. Necessarily refunding operations imply more generous terms.

The war has been worth its cost, if you think that what our participation in the war has won anything. Surely it is much to have rid the world of kaiserism, to have substituted discussion for slaughter as a mode of settlement of disputes between nations, to have made a beginning upon the reduction of armaments, to have stopped the exploitation of the little peoples. For this result many have given their lives. Only people mean of soul can now withhold their money for larger profits, when the Government asks them to lend it. Right-minded folk see this loan as one to pay not so much for victory over the enemy as for victory over war. What the citizen lends the nation now is but a thank-offering to our dead, for that they died so others may not have to die similarly. They did their duty. We should do ours. If we should fail, we may well believe that they who fell shall not sleep well in Flanders fields or elsewhere, on land or in sea.

Subscribe! The Victory is Peace. In the great war this country was enriched by what it gave, not by what it gained in any material way. Anything you loan the Government will be repaid with interest in due course, but you will be repaid in something better than gold by the consciousness that you had part in shaping a better world in which the Horror and the Terror can never happen again if it be possible for human precaution to forfend them.

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## The Peace Prescription

By W. M. R.

CHANGES in the covenant of the League of Nations as promulgated from Paris a week ago are not quite intelligibly indicated in the *precis*. Save for one that somehow "saves" the Monroe Doctrine, they do not seem to change the original draft to any great extent, and I, personally, do not think the saving of the doctrine

a good thing. It implies too much of a free hand for possible imperialism with us—as against Mexico, for example. It means that we may interfere in European affairs, but European nations may not interfere in ours, and that is not pacificatory in promise. However, we had better wait for the text of all amendments before we presume to pontificate upon them. We may take it that the League of Nations constitution has been completed, and all signs seem to indicate that the objections to the covenant in this country have been met and overcome. The Senate will probably approve the pact. There are no strong intimations that it may be rejected by Great Britain, France, Italy or Japan. The latter government may be piqued by restrictions upon equality of treatment of its emigrant nationals in the domains of the other signatories, but Japan can hardly make war against the world, with the example before her of what happened to another fresh young power which attempted that thing.

After the covenant, the peace with Germany. Her envoys have been summoned to Paris for April 25th, to receive the terms. Those terms have been vaguely adumbrated in the cablegrams. They are somewhat conjectural. Confusedly we gather that Germany is to be disarmed, that she will have to pay a bill of reparation, first of \$5,000,000,000 cash, and then over a period of years about \$19,000,000,000 more; that she will have to concede the internationalization of a large strip of Rhine country; that she will have to give France possession of the coal mines of the Saar Valley until the mining and manufacturing industry of France, destroyed by German invasion, shall be again self-sustaining. These are the outstanding features of the terms the German government will have to meet. They are hard. But we must remember how thoroughly Germany at war obeyed the injunction of her Nietzsche—"Be hard!" And *schrecklichkeit* in war cannot beget turn-the-other-check in peace terms, when *schrecklichkeit* has been defeated. On the other hand, Germany is now being fed, the blockade against her is raised, the cables and the mails are freed to her for intercourse with neutral countries, she is to get raw materials with which to resurrect her industries. These are things granted to her which she had little thought of granting to her enemies when she thought herself invincible and inevitably victorious. The allies have ended the war upon the German people. The starving are being fed; and the workers will soon be given work. Germany's colonies will pass over to the control of the League of Nations and be distributed among mandatories. The provision to be made for the occupation of Germany until the terms are complied with remain to be agreed upon then. One thing seems sure and that is that the United States will not furnish that army.

There is question whether Germany will accept the terms of peace here outlined. She cannot well resist otherwise than passively. The ruling classes of old would favor such resistance, if for no other reason than that they would like to have their interests protected by an active army of occupation. They would like to see the Bolsheviks and Spartacides kept down, more especially if those revolutionaries should bring in the overturning Russian forces. The Germans are an orderly folk. They have had their fill of war. They have possessions which they do not want the revolutionaries to take away, and any condition that would necessitate the presence of allied forces would be agreeable to all those who belong to the House of Have. The revolutionaries



will resent the peace terms because anything that foments more trouble is favorable to their purposes. They may reckon on only such acceptance of the terms as Lenine and Trotzky accorded the terms of Brest-Litovsk. But we don't know how matters stand in Germany politically—whether moderates or extremists control. The Weimar government is incalculable as to its quality, and its permanence is so doubtful as to be precarious. How much hope Germany has of aid from Russia no one can say. The help can hardly be military to any great extent. And Russia has no easy task to feed herself. Germany, in her present position, needs first food and then the resumption of industry. To live is more important just now than to resist the peace terms. She can live by accepting them, however she may quibble about their conformity with the fourteen points of President Wilson, which she accepted in agreeing to the armistice. A vast element in Germany, much vaster than any like element in Russia, is wedded to security of property, and to this element order is the way out of present German difficulties to rehabilitation and national recovery. The chances are that Germany will make a virtue of necessity and accept the terms; though the chances are, too, that this acceptance will not be marked by any development of friendliness to the victors.

Russia remains a problem. There is nothing about her in the League covenant. So far as anything definite in relation to the peace conference is concerned, Russia may still be one of the Allies, even though troops of the Allies and of this country or fighting the forces of the government de facto of Russia. Russia is not recognized, but it is supposed the League covenant will be submitted to her government or governments. Lenine will probably reject it as capitalist or bourgeois, saying "The world revolution must go on." And what will or can we or the Allies do to check that revolution? Nothing, apparently, in the view of the members of the Peace Conference. Yet Russia may possibly reshape Germany as she has possessed Hungary and infected Austria and so manoeuvre as to set up in effect a Bolshevik league against the presently greater League of Nations. Russia and the great idea that motives her may upset all the greater calculations of the statesmen in session at Paris, and, if we may believe common report, the soldiers of Great Britain, France and the United States, and the common people of all those countries, do not want to fight the Russians. The League of Nations and the treaty with Germany are endangered, not so much now, perhaps, as they will be later, by the absence of any practical policy for dealing with the Russians. The peace of the world will not be assured with the Russian bear running loose and ravaging. Germany may accept the terms of peace, but later Russia and a Bolshevized Middle Europe may make her join in treating them as another scrap of paper.

Italy's claims as against Jugo-Slavia are a hard knot for the Peace Conference to untie. Italy rather feels like dealing with it as the Gordian knot was dealt with, but that won't do. The explanation of Italy's complicated claims would take up all the space in two issues of THE MIRROR. The matter seems to be up to President Wilson, and he is not afraid to tackle it. It is fortunate that the Italian people and the Jugo-Slavs both have faith in his wisdom and justice. We can only hope for the best.

It is a glorious apple of discord the Associated Press throws into the arena Wednesday morning—the announcement that Great Britain and France will get 85 per cent of the bill Germany must pay, leaving the other 15 per cent to the other nations, ourselves excluded. That arrangement needs elucidation. For the present we may withhold opinion that Great Britain has hogged the spoils. France has suffered terribly and is entitled to vast reparation. But Great Britain has fought all around the globe, she has advanced money to France, Italy, Portugal, Greece, Rumania. Great Britain was no deadhead in the enterprise of the war. Her men, her ships, her coal and steel, her money, her labor,

were given to the common cause with splendid and unreckoning profusion. Her people suffered in no slight degree. She saved herself, as Pitt said of the war against Napoleon, by her efforts and saved Europe by her example—an example ranking in magnificence only after that of Belgium and France. Great Britain probably will not get as much reparation as France. But surely hers is not the smallest of the just claims against the defeated Central Powers. She can make a mighty showing of the cost of the war to her, and no fair-minded person can say that she should be put off with a pittance. The League of Nations will probably canvass Great Britain's bill of expenses again, and we don't know how much of the 85 per cent of the damages will be hers and how much will go to France.

President Wilson may be home before May 1st. The League of Nations will have headquarters at Geneva. The delegates and council will have to be chosen soon. There will be a great task of interpretation of the covenant before delegates and council. The document, so clear to most people, will be clouded by lawyers. But the main thing is that the League of Nations may be said to be started. The constitution where faulty will be improved. The one thing certain is that for a long, long time there can be no war without discussion and arbitration, and the more thorough the deliberation the less likelihood of any war at all. The great work is almost done. The world hopes and believes the best of it, though Lloyd-George's splendid speech warns us that civilization is not yet out of the woods. If the League of Nations prescription formulated by the doctors of all the peoples fails, there is no other mortal hope or faith that the world may ever be cured of recurrent orgasms of savagery and slaughter.



## Reflections

By W. M. R.

Raymond Robins Comes

NOW we shall know something hereabouts concerning Russia and the Bolsheviks. For Raymond Robins will tell us about it. We know he will tell the truth as he sees it; that he's not a Bolshevik *pur sang*, nor yet a stick-in-the-mud reactionary. He has been friend with Kerensky and Lenine. He tried to get this country to render aid enabling Russia to hold out against the coercion at Brest-Litovsk, but his effort got lost somewhere in Washington. He saw, studied, dealt with the Revolution in an humanitarian capacity, as a Red Cross official. No novice he in politics, for he is of the Roosevelt group of progressives. He is no sentimentalist nor sensationalist, and is a greater friend of Truth's than of any man or system. No need is upon him to capitalize his position for either money or celebrity. He had both long before he went to Russia. As a devoted Rooseveltian, there can be no question of his Americanism in the best sense of the word. He has no political ends to serve. Raymond Robins is an honest man of large and varied worldly experience with a certain liberally religious fervor. Theories he has of government and economies, but these do not overtopple his common sense. His eloquence is not dependent upon the extent to which he can evade the facts that he talks about. We shall hear from him at the City Club at noon Friday, and elsewhere in the evening, and when he has done we shall be the better fitted to form sound judgment upon the strange and terrible problem that the Russian revolution presents to the world.



Poor Old Missouri

THE *Post-Dispatch* told us in almost a full page editorial on Sunday that Missouri is a backward state and why. The "Why" is a combination of yappism and peanut politics. There is no question of the ailment or the explanation of its causes. Missouri is backward, feudal, fossilized and it is

so because there is no social or political vision. It is not a thinking or reading commonwealth. General ideas do not flourish here. The place is another Boeotia, as to education and progress. It is dominated by epigoni. All of which is not news. Thirty-five years ago, time and again, with damnable iteration, Joseph B. McCullagh of the *Globe-Democrat* boiled down the *Post-Dispatch* full-page editorial into three words—Poor old Missouri. Forty years ago Robert G. Ingersoll said the city of St. Louis was "a diamond pin in a dirty shirt." But what's to be done about it? Missouri doesn't seem to care that it ranks thirty-eighth among the states in point of literacy. It doesn't care that it is dominated politically by pin-heads or that it is a fat feeding ground for the special interests that control the state. The commonwealth is undeveloped in every way. The people here won't develop it and they won't let others come in and do it. It has an outgrown constitution and a tax system that is a putrid reminiscence of the worst that has been known in taxation. Poor old Missouri! That's all one can say.



As Between Two Papers

FAR be it from me to butt in on the controversy between the *Globe-Democrat* and the *Post-Dispatch* as to which one has not only the more circulation and advertising but the most advertising of all the city's daily newspapers. It is plain to any observer that the *Globe-Democrat*, under its business manager, Mr. E. Lansing Ray, and its managing editor, Mr. Joseph J. McAuliffe, has made enormous gains in both departments. But there is one thing to which I can call attention without prejudice, having friends in both establishments. That is the increase in power and influence of the *Globe-Democrat*. It has recently led and splendidly won two big fights. That paper was the head and front of the opposition to the election of Joseph Wingate Folk as United States Senator from Missouri. It did not seem possible, not to say probable, that the Democratic nominee standing with the Democratic president in a Democratic state could be overwhelmed and a Republican elected instead. But the *Globe-Democrat* put it over. Again, the *Globe-Democrat* took a decided stand in favor of the street railway settlement effected by Mayor Kiel and against the movement for the Mayor's recall. The result was the triumph of the Mayor's supporters in the election for members of the Board of Aldermen and the disastrous defeat of the candidate for President of the Board who ran on the platform that the settlement was both a crime and a blunder and that the Mayor deserved both rebuke and recall. The *Globe-Democrat* more than any other one influence brought about that result. The paper that can do these things has both circulation and influence and there can be no question that vast advertising patronage is added thereunto. Another thing shows the *Globe-Democrat* is big in spirit as well as in business prowess. That is its course with regard to the proposed League of Nations. Though an organ of the Republican party it has given the President and his policy in this matter a strong, steady and enthusiastic support against both Republican and Democratic opposition. The *Globe-Democrat* rose above party for the sake of principle. This is a kind of greatness greater than any prestige because of circulation and advertising. It comes very near to ideal journalism. The *Globe-Democrat* has been a nationally influential newspaper for forty years. It is more so now than ever before. The proof that it has a hold upon the people is given in the results of the campaigns on local issues to much I have referred. As for advertising, the paper carries it in plenty. It is none of my business to count noses of subscribers or decide between the conflicting claims to supremacy between the *Globe-Democrat* and the *Post-Dispatch*, or to count the number of agate lines of advertising matter carried by each. All I have to say is that the *Globe-Democrat* is a newspaper bearing about it every mark of stupendous business success, and



that the success is well deserved by the men who conduct the publication. I do not see or say that the *Globe-Democrat* success is achieved at the expense of the *Post-Dispatch's* very evident popularity and prosperity. I believe most of our local daily papers are doing better in every way than they have been for a long time.



#### *Limitation of Inheritances*

THERE was organized in Chicago, two weeks ago, the National Association for the Limitation of Inheritances. It starts off with a membership of more than five hundred. Its platform is the outline of the general theme of the book, "The Abolition of Inheritance," by Mr. Harlan E. Read, of St. Louis. The only difference is that where the book says "abolition," the association says "limitation." The new organization shows the trend of political thought. It is an indication that the people see a way to get rid quickly of the colossal burden of debt imposed upon the world by the war. There's nothing wild-eyed about this proposal of limitations of inheritance, either. It has support from economists of authority. It is dealt with in the annual address of Prof. Irving Fisher, president of the American Economic Association, whose general theme was "Economists in Public Service." That distinguished expert says that the present great economic problem of the world is the distribution of wealth and, he believes that the two master keys thereto are the inheritance system and the profit system.

"The practices," he says, "which happen to be favored by men of great wealth in making wills is certainly the chief determinant of the distribution of their wealth after their death. Mr. Albert G. Coyle, one of my former students, has estimated that four-fifths of the one hundred fifty or more fortunes in the United States having incomes of over \$1,000,000 a year have been accumulating for two generations or more. It is interesting to observe that, although the formulae expressing distribution by Pareto's logarithmic law are similar for the United States and England, the number of wealthy men at the top is two and a quarter times as great, in proportion to population, in England as in the United States, presumably because the number of generations through which fortunes have been inherited are much greater there than here."

Prof. Fisher says the man who wills property does so without regard to its effect on the social distribution of wealth. He has no thought of the solemn responsibility of bequeathing property. He cares less about what becomes of the fortune he leaves behind than we have been accustomed to assume. He did not lay it up, contrary to a common opinion, at least not, beyond a certain point, because of any wish to leave it to others. His accumulating motives were rather those of power, of self-expression, of hunting big game. Prof. Fisher continues:

"I believe that it is very bad public policy for the living to allow the dead so large and unregulated an influence over us. Even in the eye of the law there is no natural right, as is ordinarily falsely assumed, to will property. 'The right of inheritance,' says Chief Justice Coleridge of England, 'a purely artificial right, has been at different times and in different countries very variously dealt with. The institution of private property rests only upon the general advantage.' And again, Justice McKenna of the United States Supreme Court says: 'The right to take property by devise or descent is the creature of the law and not a natural right—a privilege, and therefore the authority which confers it may impose conditions on it.' The disposal of property by will is thus simply a custom, one handed down to us from ancient Rome. It is no more inviolate than the custom of the disposal of the body of the dead by burial. Just as, in the interests of the living, we are substituting cremation for burial, so—likewise in the interests of the

living—we may substitute a new for a traditional method of disposing of the dead man's goods.

"Numerous limitations of the right to will property do, in fact, already exist in each of our states—some under common law, others under statute law. There are, in particular, restrictions against tying up property (except in charitable bequests) in perpetuity. These restrictions have, undoubtedly, restrained the accumulation of swollen fortunes. There is no reason why we cannot continue to add such limitations so far as seems wise. For instance, Rigano, the Italian economist, suggests making the state co-heir of all bequests, so that it will receive one-third of the estate on the first descent, two-thirds of the remainder on the second and the residue on the third descent."

The National Association for the Limitation of Inheritances proposes to take inheritances by taxation. It would so tax inheritances as to limit them, tentatively, to \$100,000. This would leave to free bequest enough wealth to meet the objection of economists, of a greater or less religious persuasion, that to take away the right of bequest of wealth by the accumulators thereof would be to strike a blow at the family, though I can't see that the fact that most men who die do so with nothing to bequeath has had any appreciable effect in bringing about the annihilation of the institution of the family. The strongest point against the limitation of inheritance is that it is unjust to prevent a man from disposing of the wealth he has earned by his own exertions. There is a wealth that is earned. That a man may bequeath. There is a wealth that is unearned by its possessor—a wealth earned by the community—which the possessor takes from the public, and that wealth should be taken from its holder at his death, if not before. This latter, again, is not so much wealth as power to control the labor of others and to take the greater part of the product thereof. The answer to the last proposition is a pragmatic one, that most bequeathed wealth is just this unearned right to control the labor and the production of others. Inheritance limitation would get for the state, or the public, some earned wealth, but very little compared with the account of unearned wealth it would absorb. However that may be, the limitation of inheritance is the object of a well defined movement, and a carefully prepared organization here. The thing is vehemently proposed and vigorously advocated in Great Britain. It is a way by which the war debts may quickly be reduced and the tax burdens taken from the workers. It is a method of meeting governmental expenditures that must suggest itself with increasing power to our federal and state governments. We shall hear more of it from now on.



#### *Local Democracy's Plight*

What's this talk of reorganizing the Democratic party in St. Louis? You can't reorganize a party that is non-existent. There is no Democratic party in St. Louis. There is only the absurd Democratic City Central Committee. Democrats have no faith in or regard for it. It cannot get money for the prosecution of campaigns, for the reason that the men who used to contribute most to its funds are no longer Democrats. The special interests won't put up as they used to do, because they can get all they want from the Republican organization. The public service corporations have no use for a Democratic party because it may possibly turn out to be really democratic. The Democratic City Central Committee has no use for democratic Democrats who do not want the city controlled by the special interests. The old, so-called Democratic business element almost has ceased to exist. Its former members won't support any candidates or platforms that will make trouble for privilege. The committee and those who keep in touch with it do not care for democratic principles. All they care for is the political jobs that may be had. Real Democrats don't care to support tickets framed on that principle or rather on that negation of prin-

ciple. The privilege Democrats won't and the principled Democrats can't support the committee financially. The result is that city elections here go to the Republicans by Democratic default. What is needed in St. Louis is the organization of democratic Democrats on democratic lines. First get together enough men to form a party. Then organize it. But we might as well have no Democratic party as one subsidized and supported by interests whose purposes and practices are the very opposite of democratic. As for the State of Missouri, there is no hope for anything like democracy unless it lies in the prospect of the invasion of the commonwealth by the Farmers' Non-Partisan League that flourishes so lustily in the Northwest. Democracy is discredited in the State by its four-flushing officials and its mentally debilitated legislators. There is nothing to the party in the State but the machine. The machine does nothing but grind out the petty schemes of its members. There is no party leadership. There is no grasp of democratic issues. There is no general faith in the men who profess to speak for the Democratic party. There is no Democratic program that any one trusts. Missouri's Democratic politicians are Sinn Feiners—for themselves alone. Whatever they may profess or proclaim before election, everybody knows from experience, that, after election, the "dark forces" get them and get them right. Those dark forces have their headquarters in the offices of the special interests. They want nothing done to disturb the *status quo*. Democratic administrations in Missouri do nothing democratic. The State is no better than the city in respect of possessing a real Democratic party—not a bit. The Republican party grows in strength steadily. It can now elect a United States Senator without half trying. The democratic people are disgusted with both the State and the city machines. Those machines have no use for progressive ideas or for the men who are inspired by them. Both machines are controlled by the beneficiaries of privilege, when they are needed in the business of those beneficiaries. These democrats won't work for or follow such machines and their engineers. When they have done so they have been fooled and betrayed. When anyone talks to them about organizing the Democratic party they won't listen, because the talking is mostly done by men who care less for democratic principles than they do for getting political jobs for professional, office-seeking politicians.



#### *Something Doing in Ireland*

Easter comes and there are premonitory symptoms of a repetition in Ireland of the insurrection of 1917. Martial law has been proclaimed in four or five counties. Still the Sinn Fein parliament of the Irish Republic is in session unmolested by the constabulary. Moreover, there are rumors of negotiations between delegations from the British ministry and the Sinn Fein leaders, with a view to compromising with Ireland on the basis of home rule like that of Canada and Australia. There is something doing in and for Ireland, though the censored cablegrams do not let us know what it is. This is certain: the sentiment in England in behalf of Irish self-government, though not of absolute independence, is stronger than ever, and it does not seem likely that the coalition government will be able much longer to resist it. Even Ulster is weakening in its obstructionism. The worst thing that could happen now would be a recrudescence of rebellion by the Irish extremists. They should at least await the results of the visit of the delegation of representatives of the Irish in America to the peace conference. That delegation has practically all of the United States behind it, and it will probably get something better than anything that is to be had by an appeal to arms by the Sinn Feiners.



## Gargoyles

By Amy Lowell

## A COMEDY OF OPPOSITIONS.

(This poem is from the author's book, "Pictures of the Floating World," to be issued in October.)

**T**HIMBLE-RIG on a village green,  
Snake-charmers under a blue tent  
Winding drugged sausage-bellies through thin  
arms.

Hiss

Of a yellow and magenta shawl

On a platform

Above trombones.

Tree lights

Drip cockatoos of colour

On broadest shoulders,

Dead eyes swim to a silver fish.

Gluttonous hands tear at apron strings,

Reach at the red side of an apple,

Slide under ice-floes,

And waltz clear through to the tropics

To sit among cocoanuts

And caress bulbous negresses with loquats in their  
hair.

A violin scorching on an F-sharp exit.

Stamp.

Stop.

Hayricks, and panting,

Noon roses guessed under calico—

A budded thorn-bush swinging

Against a smoke-dawn.

Hot pressing on sweet straw,

Laughs like whales floundering across air circles,

Wallows of smoothness,

Loose muscles dissolved upon lip-brushings,

Languid fluctuations,

Sleep oozing over wet flesh,

Cooling under the broad end of an angled shadow.

Absurd side-wiggle of geese before elephants;

A gold leopard snarls at a white-nosed donkey;

Panther-purrs arouse childhood to an edge of con-  
tortion;Trumpets brawl beneath an oscillation of green  
balloons.

Why blow apple-blossoms into wind-dust?

Why drop a butterfly down the throat of a pig?

Timid shrinkings of a scarlet-runner bean

From pumpkin roughnesses.

Preposterous clamour of a cook for a tulip.

If your flesh is cold

Warm it on tea-pots

And let them be of Dresden china

With a coreopsis snarled in the handle.

Horse-bargainings do not become temples,

And sarabands are not danced on tea-trays of Ger-  
man silver.

Thin drums flatten the uprightness of distance,

A fading of drums shows lilac on the fallen beech-  
leaves.

Emptiness of drums.

Nothing.

Burr of a rising moon.

## Our Street Car Situation

By W. M. R.

**M**AYOR KIEL kept the United Railways out of bankruptcy, through giving it clear title to questioned franchises, just about as "Wilson kept us out of war." The street railway problem would have been settled five years ago if the management had recognized the inevitable, about the time dividends were passed on the preferred stock, and sought a receivership. It was recognized at least as far back as 1909 that the corporation could never meet its charges and pay dividends upon its superfluous capitalization. The situation should have been met then, and if it had been, the concern would have been reorganized long ago. The capitalization must be scaled down. At the very least, \$40,000,000 of water must be squeezed out of it in the reorganization.

With regard to the city's tax upon the company of one mill per passenger per year, there is no doubt that it will be a lien upon the property. The man, by the way, who conceived the mill tax is now the receiver of the company. Mr. Rolla Wells, when he was mayor, had that tax ordinance drawn up by his City Counselor, Mr. William F. Woerner, who drew it so carefully and defended it in the courts with such skill that it held good against all assaults. The best thing about the receivership is the receiver. Mr. Wells possesses the character that gives assurance that the receivership will not be conducted in the interest of the controllers of the company's policies in the past, that nothing will be covered up, not even the excessive payments to the Keokuk Power Company, through corporate intermediaries, who in the whole transaction were dealing from both sides of the table. This will be a scrupulously honest receivership—none the less so because of the fact that Mr. Wells is a man experienced in the business of street railway management.

What will become of the United Railways property? Probably it will be reorganized by its present owners under new forms and names. It will not be broken up into its component underlying corporations, for this reason, if no other, that such an unscrambling would be against public policy. The city must have a unitary street car system, with transfers. It will be a good thing that the property will be operated by the Federal court. That means that its operation will be taken out of such control as the state public utilities commission has had over it. That commission was too susceptible to the arguments and too pliable to the interests of the company, which, despite its financial weakness, manifested on many occasions remarkable political strength.

When the company shall have been reorganized the first thing we may expect is a proposition to dispose of the system to the city. It is doubtful if its present owners will care to carry on the business for long with inevitable limitations upon their earnings. They will seek other business promising better returns upon their capital and the first thing they will do will be to try to unload on the city. Upon what terms they will try to unload cannot now be foretold. They will have to reduce the capitalization, but even when that shall have been done it is doubtful that the city would consider the proposition on a capitalization of \$60,000,000, which seems to be the figure somehow fixed in the public mind as a result of two or maybe more valuations by experts. It is doubtful if the earning capacity of the street railway system will ever again be as great relatively as it was. It will be a long time before the cost of labor and materials will come down. The earnings have been terribly cut into by the increase in the use of the automobile, and there will be more rather than less use of automobiles. Moreover, the picture palace has cut down riding

on the cars, especially in summer. The family doesn't ride out to parks and gardens, established or somewhat subsidized by the street car company, but goes, of an afternoon or evening, to the movie across the street or around the corner. Then again the present system as it stands won't do. The city needs quicker transit. The city needs a subway—that is, if something better does not develop meanwhile. The building of a subway downtown that shall become an elevated in outlying territory has long been discussed, but the cost has been generally considered to be forbidding, and furthermore, everybody dodged the question whether the city should own and operate it, or build it and lease it to an operating company. Proposals of municipal ownerships are not as popular now as they were before the public had experience of the bad results of operation of railroads, telegraphs, telephones and express service by the national government. It may be said that public ownership has got a black eye from the first impressions of its functioning during our participation in the war. There can be no doubt, however, that the old administrators of the street car system here, have in mind the handing over to the city of the United Railways. The prospect has been frequently and forcefully broached and argued in the company's house-organ, *The United Railways Bulletin*. The city will want something better than the present system to own and operate, if it should consider municipal ownership at all.

It would be well not to leap at the ownership programme too quickly. It is suggested that before very long the street railway of today will be little better than junk. Mr. Henry Ford remarked recently, while Detroit was making up its mind to reject a municipal ownership ordinance, that in a short time there would be developed a gasoline electric motor and a street car that would be of such a character as not to require investment in highly expensive tracks and power houses. A transportation system for cities may come that will be an adaptation of the fugacious and guerilla jitney. If that should happen, it would be well that the city should not have on its hands a vast plant and trackage that would be antiquated and useless. So it were well to go slow in the matter of municipal ownership.

For the present there is comfort in the fact that the receivership will be on the level. There will be no covering up or shelving of facts tending to show that not alone hard times with advancing cost of operation, but bad management is responsible for the breakdown of the United Railways. We shall find out, possibly, just how much the men in the United Railways overpaid themselves or their associates in the companies between the United Railways and the Keokuk Power Company, for current to propel its street cars. The "friendly" receivership will not hide all that—not with stubbornly upright Rolla Wells as receiver. We may take it for granted also that, pending the concern's discharge from bankruptcy, the public will have service at least as good as, if not better than, in the past. Mayor Kiel gave the company a lot of franchise value it would not have possessed if the company had gone into bankruptcy before he made the compromise, without consulting the Board of Aldermen, that validated a question underlying franchise. He gave the receiver that much more to receive, and the reorganizers that much more to capitalize anew.

It is only fair to say here that the operation of the United Railways by its present officials has been excellent, compared with that of any other big system in the country. The concern was wrecked by its financiering, not by its operating executive. No amount of executive ability could have saved the organism from the results of its dropsy of capitalization. Chiefly the receivership will tap the institution for its excess of water and then it will probably lop off the "suckers" of its resources, the power contracts made with its owners in other enterprises.



## Cornflower Blue

By Nelson Antrim Crawford

THE brooklike ripple of the twilight suburb came up to Edwin Halburton as he lay silent in the cream-enameled bedroom. Down in the suburb the stream of life was flowing on as usual—motor cars, the club, the quiet homes. Now he heard the staccato puffs of the railway train from the city—the same early evening train that he had often taken himself. In the room, not far from his bed, a clock ticked nervously, in tune with the brooklike rhythm of the suburb. Edwin wished for a moment that the door into the hall were open, so that he might hear the steady, solid tick-tock of the great clock there. It had the rhythm of the city, which he still missed after seven weeks of illness in the cream-enameled room. In a vague way he wanted the city, longed for it, though he realized that he never again would see it. That pain in his side would grow sharper, as it did sometimes—it would grow too poignantly sharp for life, and that would be the end.

Edwin's wife sat silently in a chair near his bed. He was too tired to turn and look toward her, though he had a passing curiosity to know what she was doing. Perhaps she was knitting, perhaps sewing, perhaps reading—she could read in a light too dim for anyone else. She would be silent unless he needed her. She never talked merely for the sake of talking, and she knew the weariness of conversation to the sick. He knew he was alone save for her, and yet he sensed, in a strange, dim way, another presence, of a dear cornflower blue, perfumed with lavender. He could scarcely see it, but he was aware of it more vividly than of the presence of his wife who sat beside him. He wondered at it, reaching no conclusions. There were no conclusions, anyway; there had been none since first he was taken ill. But why should this strange blue presence be more vivid than his wife, with whom he had lived for nineteen years?

And yet again, why not? Edwin had never loved his wife. That must be the reason. Now, as he lay a-dying, he was seeing, or rather feeling, the ideal that he would have loved, that perhaps he really had loved. Would this cornflower blue presence follow him across the border into the far land—if there was any far land to which he was going? Love—a very strange thing after all; he remembered phrases from a critical article that he had read the day before he became ill—"the altruistic combining with the self-spirit," "all artistic taste is at bottom erotic." Unsatisfying. But what would satisfy?

*"Love that is first and last of all things made,  
The light that has the living world for shade,  
The spirit that—that—"*

No, he could not remember. Once he could have quoted that whole prologue.

And marriage ought to be for love, though he had got along well enough without it. His life had been happy enough, though it might have been happier. He admired his wife and was proud of her.

Why did he marry her? Well, he had liked her very, very much. And a beautiful grey photograph of her had drawn him immensely. And she had loved him, and still did, for that matter. He had grown interested in her, and it would have been hard to break away. It would have wrenched his emotions in a way, and it would have hurt her, for a time at least. Yes, he was an emotional coward; he knew it; there was no use denying it, here, on his deathbed. The easiest thing to do had been to marry her. And she was very beautiful. He loved to touch her hair and her shoulder. Did she know he did not love her? Perhaps not, at the start, but she did afterwards. A woman could not live long with a man and not know the realities of his life.

But they were very congenial. How proud he had been when her serial was featured in his favorite magazine! What a fine story it was, anyway! The characters—well, they were dim now, and whenever one began to take definite shape in his mind he saw, or felt, the blue presence, and that crowded it out. The lavender perfume came to his nostrils, and the cornflower blue tint filled his eyes. Perhaps that presence in some way was trying to symbolize art to him; perhaps he never should have married, perhaps he should have made art alone his life. Had he betrayed his art, and was the blue presence a reproach?

*"But I misdoubt if any blossoms start*

*On his dead staff who has betrayed his art."*

No, the blue presence could not be a reproach. It was too comforting for that. Something else it was. And the sounds of the twilight village came rippling up to his consciousness again, with the little clock ticking in rhythm with them.

Edwin turned his head slightly. He felt, rather than saw, his wife rise. She came to the side of the bed. She said nothing—her silence was a wonderful gift—but merely looked down on him. He felt her glance and shook his head slightly. He did not wish to speak now. It was not because of the effort, but because he wanted in some way to figure out the blue presence.

His wife touched his forehead with caressing fingers, then returned to her chair. She was a splendid woman. There was that affair with Esther Martin, ten, no, eleven, twelve years ago. Most women would have stormed or sulked or left him.

But Gladys had said to him, very quietly and gravely, "Do you want to marry her, dear? For if you do, I would not try to hold you. I want you to be happy."

How calm she had been, and yet how manifestly sorrow-stricken. And he had shouted, quite out of his usual wont, "No, I don't want to marry her. You're the only woman I want. I'm a fool."

And he had dropped on his knees and pressed his head to her breast and clung to her, kissing her over and over again. And she had rested her lips—oh, how quietly—on his hair. He had been an emotional coward, as usual, while she—she was glorious. He had told her of it afterward, one morning at breakfast and she had smiled a bit quizzically, he had thought, saying, "Well, you know I didn't want to lose you, John."

Yet he had not really loved her, even then.

The image of his wife at that breakfast table a dozen years ago gradually vanished, and there was the blue presence again, vividder than before, though still only a presence rather than a clearly outlined figure. He searched in vain for form. The lavender perfume was more poignantly sweet. Was the presence coming closer to accompany him on his long way? The blue brought to him some Scandinavian paintings that he once had seen, but it was warmer, yes, more satisfying than they.

Edwin fell to thinking of the many blues that he loved—the blue of a late afternoon sky reflected in a pool, the blue of a field of flax, the inviting blue of old-style book bindings, the grey-green blue of a blue spruce, and, finally, the cornflower blue that somehow was seeming to fill the room. Blue was his favorite color. Perhaps that was the reason the blue surrounded him now. As he was about to leave the vari-colored world, perhaps the blue would grow more and more powerful, more and more enveloping. Was there a colored aura about the soul, the personality? He had read something of the sort, and it had interested him slightly. He had wondered then if his aura were blue—that is, provided there were an aura about him at all. He did not accept theosophical ideas very strongly.

But there must be some explanation of this strange cornflower blue. There was a honk of an automobile on the street not far away, and Gladys stirred slightly in her chair, startled, perhaps, by the unexpected sound. Edwin felt her move, but

We shall learn what the United Railways property is worth and know what it ought to pay, not alone in service but in profits, if it be conducted in accordance with proper principles of financiering. It is too bad that the receivership shall have been so long delayed by those security holders who sought in vain for some way of avoiding the writing off of a loss that was mathematically inevitable. With Rolla Wells as receiver we may rest assured that these owners will not get aid or comfort from him in their effort to recoup that loss in speculative adjuncts to the reorganization. The city's interests will be well taken care of under him, and even though it was he who devised the mill tax, which the company says broke its back, the legitimate interests of the company's owners will be taken care of, too.

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## Ernest R. Kroeger

By Percy Werner

SOMETHING more than the passing notice given by the daily press of the conclusion of the twenty-fifth series of Lenten recitals which our nationally renowned Ernest R. Kroeger concluded on the evening of the 7th instant, seems to be fitting. At the close of his last program, Mr. Kroeger briefly and quietly announced to his audience that with that recital he would bring his long series of annual public recitals to a conclusion. The audience, which but a moment before had been rapturously applauding his closing number of an exclusively Chopin programme, were hushed into a profound silence by the announcement, and after Mr. Kroeger left the stage seemed loath to leave their seats.

Mr. Kroeger's position among American composers and educators, as a lecturer and pianist, is so assured and well known that nothing that can be said here can add to his reputation. But here in St. Louis, where he was born and where he has lived, some tribute should be paid him for his devoted labors, which have educated and inspired so many hundreds of our young people and brought a sense of happiness to so many men and women. As one listens to one of his recitals, and hears the explanatory remarks with which he prefaces his performances, and then follows his interpretations of the music masters, one feels that Mr. Kroeger has unlocked and entered into every chamber of the human spirit and sounded the depths of all possible human emotions. Dignified, sensitive, intellectual, cultivated, poised, an explorer of the soul, familiar with all its moods, his art has made him the broad, cultured, sympathetic, simple, soulful gentleman we know. Other artists may place their works of marble or oils in places where they may be preserved and objectively enjoyed by others for many years; Mr. Kroeger's art has left its impress upon himself, and upon his students and listeners. Somehow we accept the impressions made upon us by such a master-soul as a matter for self congratulation, without realizing the debt we owe to him for awakening in us that which reveals to us our own capacities for the same variety of emotions and moods which he has unfolded and interpreted for us. And, perhaps, this is as it should be. Nevertheless, one who has enjoyed these public recitals, and felt the inspiration which comes from personal contact with Mr. Kroeger, feels a sense of exaltation and of gratitude that demands avowal. At the conclusion of this long series of yearly piano recitals, which have been a source of delight to a cultivated section of the St. Louis public, in which recitals it is estimated Mr. Kroeger has played by memory upward of fifteen hundred compositions from all the great composers, there stands out, above and beyond all of his performances, the man, to have known whom is one of life's privileges. Still young, active and vigorous, it is to be hoped that Mr. Kroeger's professional activities may yet be such as to endear him to the American public, as he is endeared to those who know him in his home city.



he did not stir. It cost an effort to move. The pain in his side was worse. And the cornflower blue presence had grown very attractive, very necessary, to him. He was sure, now, it was not his aura. That was a very foolish thought, anyway. This blue presence was a feminine presence; that much he could now discern. He did not know how he discerned it, but he felt certain that he was correct. Well, so much was settled. The presence, at any rate, was not a part of him.

And yet what was it? What did it signify? He searched his memory for a suggestion, an association. Well, there had been blue cornflowers in the little fields through which he and Gladys had wandered together just after their marriage nineteen years ago. He had painted a picture of them, and it hung in the library. It was not one of his best paintings, and he did not greatly care for it. Perhaps he even would have sold it if Gladys had not been so fond of it.

"I think your liking for it is sentimental," he had said.

"I don't care," she had replied with a strange smile. "I must be what I am. Perhaps I am sentimental. But anyway, I love that picture."

Years after, Gladys had had a dress of cornflower blue. It was of some soft fabric, that brought out the color wonderfully well. It was strange, how completely colors differed in different fabrics. No more completely, though, than pigments applied to different surfaces.

Gladys had looked wonderful in that cornflower blue dress. He wondered if she got it because of the picture or because of her attachment for the picture or just because it was becoming. It had harmonized so well with her soft light hair, on which the sun glowed. He remembered trying to name the tint of her hair, without success. In fact, when he painted her portrait he tried to mix his colors to get that exact tint, but he could not quite do it. Therefore, the portrait had never been, for him, an entire success, though she had liked it. Had she worn that cornflower blue dress when he painted her portrait? He had to think a moment; thinking was becoming increasingly difficult. No, she had not, and yet he could not recall just what color her dress had been in the picture.

The blue presence again was filling the room and shutting out every other color. And the lavender fragrance was more inviting, though no less poignantly delicate than before.

The cornflower blue dress came back into his mind. The blue presence faded, and that cornflower blue dress took its place. Edwin seemed to be kneeling, with his eyes and lips pressed against that dress and his nostrils breathing in lavender perfume. And his wife's lips were resting on his hair. And somewhere in the background was Esther Martin, ready to tear him away. Yes, it was then that Gladys had worn the cornflower blue dress. But what had that to do with now?

The blue presence filled the room once more, and shut out everything else. Nothing was there but a vast blue, lavender-perfumed silence.

The blue seemed gradually to gather shape, and to move slowly, softly, like a very quiet person. Edwin followed it with his eyes. It moved out of his vision. He had to turn his head. It was a task, but he could not bear to lose that companioning presence. The presence moved toward where his wife sat in the dusk, motionless. It merged with her body. Why, she and the dearly loved presence were one.

Edwin reached out his hand, and called quickly, "Gladys! Gladys!"

He feared somehow that she would not come to him, or that she would not come quickly enough, though he knew in his heart that she would. She never had failed him—dear, dear Gladys!—and she never would fail him.

She was at his bedside in an instant, wonderfully silent as always.

He grasped her hand.

"Gladys, I love you. I love you," he repeated. "Do you understand? Do you believe?"

He felt her press his hand till it hurt.

"Yes," she said confidently as she kissed his lips. "I know."

She kissed his cheeks, his forehead, his eyes, and he felt tears falling upon his face.

The pain in his side suddenly grew sharp again, and he winced. The room filled with cornflower blue, perfumed with poignant lavender.

It will go with me, he thought. And thus companioned, the spirit of Edwin Halburton went forth into the far land.

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## The Eagle or the Crab

By Charles B. Mitchell

"RECONSTRUCTION" was the word on everybody's lips two or three months ago. One hears it much less frequently now.

Perhaps in part this may be accounted for by a distinctive peculiarity of the American mind. We speak of the French as a mercurial people; but we ourselves pick up new catchwords very easily as subjects of discussion, and drop them just as easily before the time for action has really arrived. Before the last new suggestion for progress has passed beyond the stage of a subject for conversation, it is superseded by another. "The League of Nations" has displaced "reconstruction" from its position in the spotlight. The sociologists, the reformers, the philanthropists, are still talking about it; but the people and the politicians have quit.

There are those who accept this as a sign of returning sanity. Perhaps it would be invidious to call attention to the obvious interest of a large and powerful class in the sidetracking of the reconstruction programs current in conversation and the press just after the war closed. Representatives of this class admit that England, France and Russia need reconstruction. Nearly three-fifths of England's industrial resources have been turned to the manufacture of war materials; the great industries of Northern and Northeastern France have been destroyed; in Russia the organization necessary to efficiency seems to have been swallowed up in chaos. These nations, it is admitted, must do radical and far-reaching work upon themselves to prepare for the new world of peace and industrial competition.

But our participation in the war, it is argued, was neither extensive nor long-continued enough to create any such problems for America. Why, then, should we concern ourselves with proposals for fundamental change? Just let's get back to the *status quo ante*; don't let's hanker for the millennium; dollars are of more value than dreams; they will buy what we can handle and enjoy. Sound argument, if the *status quo ante* will commend itself to men who have faced the realities of life and learned the lessons of brotherhood in the trenches, and if we can vaccinate ourselves against the influence of European nations who will so reorganize themselves after the war as to distance America in the race of social evolution. There is some chance for question on both of these points.

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It needs to be noted that the demand for "reconstruction," in the sense of fundamental economic reorganization, was not produced, but only intensified, by the war. Since 1896, there has been a strong and growing protest against the political and economic condition into which this country had drifted in the decades following the civil war. Bryan's candidacy, Roosevelt's 1912 campaign, the growing power of the labor unions, the increase in

the Socialist vote, the emergence of Syndicalism in the program and the activities of the I. W. W., had, at the time the war opened, convinced many thoughtful Americans, of every class, that a tremendous crisis was approaching. That old *status quo ante* was fighting for its life, in 1914.

When the war came, the world stood aghast. Sensitive and finely organized men and women in America almost went insane in the first few months of the strife. As the conflict assumed the proportions of a tragedy unparalleled in history—the number of the killed alone is placed at seven millions—we saved our reason by coming to a desperate faith that the struggle must result, somehow, in a lasting good to the world corresponding, in some degree, to the daily horror of it all. The whole world-system seemed to be dissolving in chaos; could we not build a fairer and better one from its ruins?

This, and not the mere restoration of what seemed to have perished, was the meaning men gave to the word "reconstruction." We firmly believed, most of us, that even before the war, society was moving, at a snail's pace, indeed, but still moving, towards a state in which no man willing to work should have to beg his bread, and in which every child should have a living chance for a successful life. And as the impact of the war stirred our souls to their depths, we came to an equally firm and fervent belief, at least for a time, that the great world-crisis would accelerate this movement; would enable us, by breaking up the order and awakening the human spirit, to crowd the work of a century into a few years.

While the war was on, most of us talked, shall I say, like real Utopians. Our old men saw visions, and our young men dreamed dreams. As we sent our boys across the water to fight for democracy, our conception of democracy grew clearer and more comprehensive. The new idealism contemplated a world redeemed, not only from Prussianism, but from poverty and its attendant evils; and even hard-headed business men, unaccustomed to think beyond the problems of their immediate sphere, became idealists. The talk of street corners and smoking rooms and hotel lobbies took on a note of prophetic passion. The *status quo ante* was forgotten; nobody seemed willing to go back to it; every face seemed turned to welcome a new day.

The reaction from this enthusiasm is, in part, an easily explicable psychological phenomenon. But there is more than this to be said in explanation of the situation. Many of us were looking to President Wilson, when Congress opened last December, to lift up the standard for us to follow. I shall never forget the disappointment with which I read his message. It was so bitter that, in the evening of the next day, when my wife and I had finished reading the message, I turned to Whittier and read "Ichabod." He absolutely declined leadership in internal affairs; turned his face across the water; and put the problem of "reconstruction" up to the business man of the country. Their representatives met in Atlantic City to consider the question. Many addresses were made, including a notable one by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., on "A New Labor Creed." But when the committees had finished their work, and the result had been adopted by the Conference, the Reconstruction Platform of the American Business Man was seen to be an absolutely selfish one. It was to be reconstruction by the business man, for the business man; the welfare of labor, the problem of poverty, the question of a minimum wage, the representation of labor in the control of business—these matters were ignored. Rockefeller's address had fallen upon deaf ears.

The eyes of most of us have been upon Europe ever since; the question of the League of Nations has forced itself to the center of the stage; our minds have been occupied in considering probable terms of peace; but these questions will soon wear



themselves out. We shall have to come back home, to cultivate our own garden. Will the passion for "reconstruction" survive the diversion? To prevent its reawakening, the arguments are being used which we referred to above, to establish the distinction between the problems of Europe and those of America, and to prove that all we need to do is to restore the America which existed before the war. And the cry of "Bolshevik" is being lifted against everybody who raises a dissenting voice.

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The ablest and most persistent critics of the old order have been sentenced to the penitentiary. Debs is already silenced. I only mention him as one illustration to remind one of many more. But I foresee the emergence of a new generation of protestants, among the men who will come back from across the sea.

Democracy was dying, in America, when the war broke out. The old democratic catchwords, once the symbols of glorious dreams, had become almost humorous, in the light of the realities of our American life. We talked of liberty, and endured Comstock and Sumner, and advocated prohibition; we talked of equality, as we walked back and forth between slums and millionaires' rows; we talked of fraternity, and competed in business like cut-throats and played politics like pirates. Two things have been drilled into the men overseas; I have mentioned them above: Reality and Brotherhood. The child of the slums and the child of millionaires' row have stood side by side in the face of death. Won't these men think? And the minute any man really thinks, he has to condemn that old *status quo ante*.

Contact with Europe has furnished them with new materials for thought. Many of them must have realized, what Charles P. Steinmetz has so forcibly pointed out, that the wonderful solidarity of the Germans at the beginning of the war, which so nearly enabled them to conquer the world, was the result of the deliverance of the German workingman, by means of Social Insurance, from the fear of unemployment, the fear of sickness, the fear of old age. Many of them must have read, marked, learned and inwardly digested the Program of the British Labor Party. And finally, not a few must have pondered over the demonstrations in Russia and Hungary of the facility with which a new set of institutions can be evolved from the organization of the labor unions. Not all of these men, I am convinced, will go back peacefully and unprotestingly to poverty.

If we go back to the *status quo ante*, the America which existed before the war, we shall find this change: That the American workingman has learned the lesson of European revolution. The great strikes in Belfast and Glasgow were accompanied by the organization of soviets; so was the Seattle strike, though the name was not used. The Seattle strike, it is true, was quickly broken; but a correspondent of the New York *Nation* advises us that for several days the city was absolutely in the hands of the strikers' committee, and that the government of Mayor Hanson and the council was completely superseded. As the millions of men demobilized go back into the ranks of the labor unions, and some of them, who have been officers in the army, become labor leaders, the parade of machine guns and threats of calling out the militia will have less influence than before the war. Labor will have millions of men in its ranks who have faced machine guns before, who know how to use bombs and gas grenades; and leaders who know how to organize for and conduct a battle to the death.

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I am not a Bolshevik, even if Reedy is willing to own up. I am not a socialist. I am not even an orthodox and dogmatic single-taxer. I believe

in the principle of the single tax; but the argument of "Progress and Poverty" has failed to convince me that it is a panacea for industrial distress. I am simply an old-fashioned American, whose eyes are open to the lessons of history; I believe in private property, but I believe in the duties of the property owner, as well as in the sacredness of his title to whatever he has honestly and legitimately come into possession of; and I believe that the business classes of America, if they will take to heart the lessons of recent history, and take up in earnest the watchword of reconstruction, can reorganize the industrial life of America so that, as one newspaper recently put it, an unjust strike will be impossible, and a just one unnecessary.

This article is not so much an argument as a personal confession, intended to express the conviction that the alternatives before our country today are: Reconstruction, deep, vital and far-reaching; such reconstruction as shall revitalize democracy, and make Liberty, Equality and Fraternity essential realities in American life—or Revolution. Russia has shown us that revolution is possible; few of us really believed it, before November, 1917. I am firmly convinced that the only way to ward it off is to learn the lesson of Evolution, and not try to go back. The emblem of America has always been the eagle. Don't let's substitute the crab.

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## Occasional Observations

By Horace Flack

### XV—A DECENT PLACE TO LIVE IN?

IT was Balzac who discovered that "the disease of our times is superiority." When this has been noted, it should be noted that Balzac himself fell a victim to it. He knew too much, even in the nineteenth century, when "modern civilization" had not explained itself as it has done since.

There can be no room now for reasonable doubt of its meaning. It is not a fact. It is a trance-process. To define it fully, let us repeat slowly and thoughtfully: "Modern civilization is a process of entranced precocity."

Precocity itself is a process of Superiority. All precocious persons develop it. It is their most marked symptom. They know too much. They learn the worst. Through precocity, they cease to be able to enjoy life. Through superiority, they deprive others of enjoyment, even if they permit them to live.

I have learned this lately. I am associating with a neighbor who is not yet precocious. He has never been terrorized or hypnotized. Hence he is not yet suffering from the disease of superiority. He enjoys life. His theory of the earth is that it was made to live in and to enjoy life in. It interests him intensely. He is a natural-born thinker. He learns something new and surprising every day. He is entirely affable and social. He accepts favors without humiliation and bestows them without pride. He exposes his ignorance more gladly than he does his knowledge. He finds out what he can for himself, and what he cannot find out about what is interesting enough to be enjoyable, he asks questions about. As he cannot read, he supposes that this is a cause of his ignorance, whereas it is really the cause of the highest education he will ever get on earth,—the education he is getting through the constant use of his own eyes, and his own brain and the whole of his own body. As he enjoys life on the earth he takes it for granted, not only as a "decent place to live in," but as a most enjoyable place to learn in. As he has already celebrated his sixth birthday, he will not be permitted to escape precocity much longer. He will be hypnotized into it soon and it will be done so systematically that, in another six years, he may be marked "ninety-nine"

for an essay on political history, which will show that his mind is entranced for life.

Early in the year 1917—the Year of the Great Crisis—I did not despair of the earth as a decent place to live in, and I do not yet. I tried to suggest that it might be made so. But it was not Horace Flack who used or authorized that phrase on several thousand billboards, bristling with bayonets. It was no part of his purpose to suggest that making of any sort of political history, so far known, will make the earth a decent place to live in.\* All political history can claim so far is success in making it a decent place to die in, for those who know how to die decently. And they die young, it is said, because the gods love them.

From this I suppose that the remedy for precocity and superiority is Immortality. When I read that "in the beginning, the Divine Ones (that is the *Aloheim*) created the heavens and the earth," I have no doubt whatever that they purposed to make the earth a decent place to live in, and that they love every one born in it—even when it is suffering the worst from precocity and the disease of superiority.

As, through precocity, I know too much of the worst to believe that I or any one else can be helped to enjoy life by the way superiority is asserted in political history, I know now for a certainty that in my present avatar on this earth, it can never seem to me a decent place to live in. My only hope is that I may live down what I know of the worst in "modern civilization" during the last twenty years.

In a thousand years, I may succeed. As immortality is the cure for precocity, I may "learn better" in a thousand years. Then perhaps I may be fit to associate with the young whom the gods love—who have never been terrorized or hypnotized by Superiority—who find the world a decent place to live in now as they know it, because they do not know enough of it, as it is now, to be afraid of anything or anybody in it.

To be able to live un hypnotized, un terrorized, unshamed and unblamed, free and fearless at sixty as at six, on such an earth as this is to Immortal Souls, unspoiled at six—what more of heaven could I ask? But not now! In a thousand years, I may not be afraid to "try it over again." But not now! The Twentieth century is not yet quite twenty years old, and it has shown its Superiority to all centuries before it. I am afraid of it and its Superiority now—desperately afraid. But not as one without hope, and the faith that is the substance of things hoped for.

One of the worst things I have been precocious in learning is the political economy of a world controlled by Superiority, as doubt, fear and need are systematically made the means of dominating it. Yet on this earth often I have seen life enjoyed in pinching poverty. I have seen women using common needles, sewing, with immortal souls so fine that they could forget poverty, cast off fear, and cease to doubt, because they were doing their best to make something good and beautiful. They had liberated themselves. They were free awhile. They were enjoying life. The world for them was a decent place to live in—because they were putting their Immortal Souls into their best—to give away to some one they loved. That was gracious. The grace of life comes in no other way. And the world is already fit to live in, as far as there is enough of the grace of life in it to leave it the hope of its best.

Its best is Liberty. It can never come from compulsion. It can never be bestowed by Superiority. It is the quality of kindness. It is equality through grace.

\*It is probable that this now famous phrase appeared in print for the first time in REEDY'S MIRROR in Horace Flack's "Old Bookman" papers.



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### A Strike in Havana

By Alma Meyer

Ordinarily Havana is the noisiest of cities. I had been there a week and had almost persuaded myself into regarding the reverberating hum of its half million piercing voices—augmented by those of some thousands of tourists come on for the races—as the soothing murmur of the sea, and had reached the stage where I was able to sleep occasionally, when one morning I awakened to a ghostly quiet, a most disquieting quiet.

I arose hastily to see whether the sun really could be shining or whether it was some new arc light that flooded my room. The customary throngs on the Prado were missing, the ubiquitous Fords were likewise invisible, not a single automobile was parked where ordinarily there were hundreds, and the only sound was the singing of the canaries in the trees. I immediately thought of Rip Van Winkle and wondered vaguely whether everyone had gone away while I slept. I dressed hurriedly and was reassured somewhat, on going out, to find the elevator operator at his post, but the lobby of the hotel was deserted and there was no clerk

at the desk. Outside, the bootblack who always handed me the "B-o-a-s-i" in a friendly way had turned his stand on end and was sleeping peacefully in his chair. Cheered by these signs of human life I started my morning walk to the Malecon.

Havana resembled a Missouri village on a Sunday morning; I saw probably on five other people in the course of my ten-block walk. Coming back, I stopped at the Plaza meaning to get lunch, and there I found the explanation. I could of course have had it sooner had I wanted to ask questions, but it is so much more interesting and satisfying to secure information through observation. The Plaza rotunda was in an uproar. It was as though all the activity of Havana had been transported to that one spot. There were stacks of luggage at every turn and excited Americans rushed around asking the employes and each other about boat reservations and baggage transfer. They displayed the same frantic desire to leave Havana that one might expect from persons on a sinking ship. Why?

*La huelga!*

The general strike, which had impended for two months and had been

threatened so often that it had ceased to be feared, had come. Not only to Havana, but all over the island. There have been many strikes in Cuba during the past year—the latest long general one in December. However, it seemed that the wants of the builders had not been satisfied. They had been awaiting recognition for more than two months, but the employers had remained obdurate and so this general strike was called. The men asked shorter hours and higher pay. In the one statement of their demands I saw, the principal clause was that the agreements of the previous strike be lived up to. But I am not in position to speak on the right and wrong involved. Conditions prevented me from meeting an authorized representative of the strikers, so that my viewpoint is merely that of a suffering onlooker.

We may sneer at the Cubans as we will, but they certainly do know how to put on a general strike. The American residents say it is so successfully done because Cubans have an inherent disinclination for work and welcome any excuse to refrain. Be that as it may, on the very first day of the strike business was absolutely tied up. The shops were all practically closed—not because the shopkeepers feared violence, but because there was no business. Down on Obispo and O'Reilly and out on San Rafael, frequented by tourists, the shops were open—but deserted. There were no street cars, no Fords, almost no private cars, no means of transportation except autopedal. That is why the place was so deserted; Cubans never walk.

I said I had meant to get lunch. Disregarding the flustered crowd I entered

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the elevator. The operator obligingly carried me to the roof and then asked whether I was a guest of that hotel. When I told him no, he eloquently pointed to a notice pasted on the elevator mirror to the effect that during the strike the management would endeavor to serve bread and butter and coffee to its guests only. Then I went to the Inglaterra, the Telegrafo, the Cosmopolita—Havana's best American restaurants. But what desolation confronted one! Instead of the enticing tables for two or maybe four which lured from behind palms and ferns and the dozen or more inviting entrances—Havana cafes have no outside walls, merely columns supporting the ceiling, and one may enter anywhere—were boarded windows such as our millionaires erect in summer to indicate that they have gone north. One might enter through the single door remaining, but one might not eat, unless a guest of that house. Instead of the many small tables was one long table; instead of the elaborate menu of English and French and American dishes was a table d'hôte; instead of obsequious waiters standing around were guests humbly awaiting their turn.

Convinced that the only place for me was my own hotel—the Pasaje, whose fare I ordinarily abominated—thither I went, and found in this Cuban hostelry the same condition that existed in the American hotels. Its immense dining room was boarded up on three sides, chairs were upturned on tables, there was no music, the place had a most abandoned air except for the now familiar long table in a remote corner. Of the dozens of waiters and bussboys and cooks and helpers only one cook and the head waiter remained. And this was a builders' strike! Some way, somehow, the management prepared and served an indifferent meal. It was a noble sight to behold Sanchez, the stately clerk whose appearance and bearing indicated at least ducal rank, majestically advancing behind a large platter of steaming rice. Breakfast would be served at twelve (noon) and dinner at six-thirty and after that nothing would be served. This announcement was posted on all floors and during all the days of the strike a big dinner bell such as is used in the country in America for the purpose and was introduced to urbanites in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" clanged its reminder at these hours.

It was no wonder the majority of the tourists took fright and flight. I took counsel with my Havana friends and though their advice was far from unanimous decided to remain. The strike couldn't last more than two days, the more sanguine told me, because Cubans lived from hand to mouth and as soon as they were real hungry would go back to work. As a precautionary measure I went over to the American Grocery and laid in a supply of canned goods. Here was no dearth of labor, but the manner in which the clerks politely urged their stock upon customers suggested that they feared a raid by hungry strikers. However, I never needed the things I bought. The hotels

all fed their guests and after the first days some of the restaurants resumed operations. It was not that people feared a shortage of food, but that no one would deliver it from the docks and depots. We got along fairly well except for the lack of ice. I walked blocks and blocks for a cool drink only to be told "No ice. May be 'mañana'". The American club was about the only place where affairs were conducted as usual. This was because the members used their private cars to bring in ice and other articles necessary to their comfort.

The transportation problem really

was serious. The strikers permitted the street railways to operate one car on each line. The one car ran, packed and jammed, but of course that couldn't take care of the traffic. Lack of street cars was no great deprivation to the tourists. Americans prone to criticize the street railways systems of their home town should have to be dependent upon the Havana system for a while for their soul's good. Havana cars come clattering and bumping and banging along on their four wheels and two trolleys—I never found anyone who could explain to me why those small cars needed two trolleys—encircling the city, but never

by any chance bisecting it and going no tourist can ever discover where. To offset that, Havana has the best and cheapest taxi system in the world. Henry Ford has that to his credit. If one wants to go anywhere it isn't necessary to look up the location of the street and the manner of reaching it. All that is essential is to hail any one of the Fords which pass in a continuous stream down the Prado or Obispo or the Malecon, give the driver the number and he will do the rest. Two people can go anywhere in the city of Havana for twenty cents. And the Fords—always referred to as Fords and never as taxis

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—are bright and clean and artistically upholstered. During the strike the Fords disappeared. There was real hardship! One day, early in the strike, the government announced that all Ford drivers who failed to appear with their cars on the following day would have their licenses revoked. The manifesto might just as well have been issued to the Bolsheviks, for not a single Ford appeared. The strikers scattered broken glass so generously that the few venturesome owners of private cars who endeavored to drive them found it most costly. Some rigged up a sort of mine sweeper of brooms before each front wheel and thus had a slight measure of protection from punctures. In addition to the regular license plate they carried a large sign "Particular," signifying a private car, and those with influence at strike headquarters secured—much to the government's displeasure—a special permit to operate their cars for their own use. Notwithstanding these precautions the papers stated that many people died because the doctors could not get to them and that the dead remained unburied.

To one accustomed to the methods of American strikers the absence of parades and lack of shouting was almost startling. Both are omitted from the Cuban scheme. At the south end of the Prado there is a small tract of green, with a few trees and shrubs, called a park. In the early days of the strike I was walking through it and sat down to rest on a concrete seat built around the trunk of a tree. Presently the keeper came with a large watering pot and said, "Excuse me, I want to pour water there." And pour it he did; likewise on all the other concrete benches

in the park. All the wooden ones were overturned. When I protested, he explained that this was necessary to keep people from sitting in the parks. They were not permitted to sit there during strikes because they would talk, perhaps, about the government officials. Nevertheless he courteously offered to let me sit inside the enclosure in which are the park administration buildings. Disqualifying the benches was very effective in preventing park meetings. Although in peace times the parks were thronged, during the strike I never saw a crowd gathered in one. Yet people were permitted to congregate in halls, usually without molestation. One morning about eleven o'clock I was startled by shots seemingly in the next block, but a glance out my window disclosed that there was no excitement on the street and the three men across the arcade who sat in rocking chairs and played cards from morning far into the night were absorbed in their game. Later I learned that there had been a fight in which four men had been shot.

The strike brought one condition which affected rich and poor, from which there was no escape, which rapidly passed from a disgusting annoyance to a grave menace—the accumulating garbage. Of course the men in the sanitary department were among the first to strike. This wasn't generally known in the beginning and the trusting—or indifferent—Cubans, come ten o'clock at night, put their garbage pails on their front walks in pursuance of their habit, for there are no alleys in Cuba and the houses are built even with the streets. After the pails were filled they rolled the garbage up in newspapers, laid the bundles in the street and applied a

match. Garbage, even in Havana, isn't particularly inflammable and oftener than not these bundles were kicked open by boys or strikers before they had a chance to burn. The result was a smoldering noisome smudge which made the air unbreathable, the streets almost impassable.

There were those who insisted that the strike was political in its origin and support, and that this was exactly the condition desired, for it would mean a third intervention on the part of the United States. The theory was that the party in power was not sharing the spoils with the other party and the latter preferred that the former should have none sooner than all. Anyway, about the time things became nearly unendurable, the *Cincinnati*, followed by the *Dubuque* and *Petrel*, and a number of smaller craft, dropped anchor in the harbor. Whereupon the government sent out a few convicts to remove the garbage. The caustic and always entertaining editor of the *Post* referred to the event in this fashion:

"Four submarine chasers came in yesterday and several larger ships are expected today. There is an inclination to connect the coming of the American ships with the general strike, but we are informed that they are here merely on a friendly visit, as the *Maine* came to Havana about this time of year in 1898, and the *Denver* arrived in 1906, just in time to keep Major General Enrique Loyanz del Castillo and his army out of the city. There was at that time an inclination to ascribe to the *Denver's* arrival a special significance, but on the other hand it has been declared that her arrival was nothing more than opportune, as may be

that of the *Cincinnati*, *Dubuque* and *Petrel* tomorrow. American sailors have every once in a while to land somewhere; American ships, like any other ships, have to put into port occasionally and it is Havana's pride that there is no nicer port in the world than hers, especially at this time of year."

After six or nine days of these conditions—anyway it was a period which seemed interminable—the newspapers announced that the strike was over, that the street cars and Fords were running, that the city employees had all gone back to work. But there was no evidence of this to the naked eye. The ships remained anchored in the harbor, with millions of dollars' worth of merchandise in their holds and spoiling on the docks; the railway station remained locked and deserted, with trunks and boxes reposing peacefully in the baggage and express rooms while their frantic owners schemed for their delivery. The only method of transportation was walking and the calm of the city was disturbed only by the noisy stench of the festering garbage.

The apparent explanation was that when President Menocal returned from the interior there had been a conference—but not on adjudication—and he ordered the men back to work. The majority refused to go, so the technicians called this a second strike and the President announced that he would not receive a workmen's delegation. All editions of the papers persisted in declaring the strike at an end, but it was fully two days later that one waked to ordinary city sounds and business was as usual. The strike had ended as suddenly as it began.

The employers maintained that not a single concession had been made the strikers, that it was a simple matter of hunger overcoming inertia. On the other hand, now and then, a laborer would tell an American friend confidentially that they had gained their points, because the government preferred that to being thrown out of office. My own opinion is that the strike was far from settled (March 15). Trains to the interior were not moving and the air was surcharged with a feeling of unrest. It was reported that there were many American soldiers in the interior. A recent dispatch says that a hundred American warships are returning from Cuban waters: have they been in Guantanamo bay merely for battle practice or was their presence there what Mr. Slevin, the editor of the *Post*, would call "opportune?" It would scarcely be necessary to send a hundred ships to Cuba, yet it would be interesting to know just what is taking place down there—especially as one found that one's mail was being carefully censored all the time.

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A Philadelphia woman did not approve of the dress of her cook. One day, as the cook, in a particularly stylish frock, showed up after a day off, the mistress said: "Why, Mary, what elegance! It would be hard to distinguish the lady from the cook." "Don't worry, mum," said Mary. "The cooking would tell."



## The Grief of a Girl's Heart

(From the Gaelic of Lady Gregory.)

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you and do not forget it; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast; twelve towns with a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird; and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall og, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady: I would milk the cow; I would bring help to you; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone, and it's not with hunger or with wanting food, or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse; he did not come to me; he made nothing of me; and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion; and by two eyes giving love to you forever.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you today, or tomorrow, or on the Sunday; it was a bad time she took for telling me that; it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe, or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me; you have taken the west from me; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me!

\*\*\*

## No Cause for Alarm

The partners of a well-known Stock Exchange house were having a dinner conference at an uptown hotel. One of them appeared worried during the progress of the meal, and finally he was

queried as to the cause of his fit of abstraction.

"I just happened to remember that I neglected to lock the safe before I left the office," he replied.

"Why worry?" said another member of the firm. "We are all here."—*Wall Street Journal*.

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## What About Furs in July?

Do we wear furs in warm weather? Certainly, if summer furs happen to be in style. Are these the same furs we wore in January? I should say not. We wear winter furs for warmth and summer furs for beauty. There is all the difference in the world, and now that A. G. Solari has taken complete charge of the fine old Leppert-Roos fur house, one of the land-marks of St. Louis, there need be no doubt in any woman's mind as to the correct kind of furs for the season, the occasion and the costume she desires to wear.

When Mr. Roos established his exclusive fur store, away back in 1867, soon after the close of the Civil War, there were few houses of the kind in America. St. Louis had long since become headquarters for raw furs, and it was destined to become a center for dyeing and preparing the hides and also for the manufacture of high-grade fur garments. After the death of Mr. Roos, his nephew, C. J. Leppert, took charge of the business; but even then it was Mr. Solari who directed the inner workings of the concern—directed the experts who transformed shapeless skins into coats, muffs and stoles of beauty and distinction.

With the change in the presidency, following the death of Mr. Leppert, there has been no change whatever in the policy of the house or its manner of doing business, for the abundant reason that Mr. Solari was one of the largest factors in shaping that policy and determining the character of its contact with the public. He entered the firm as errand boy, in 1879, and after ten years was made superintendent, a position he held for thirty years.

When failing health made it apparent that J. C. Leppert would be compelled to give up the management of the Leppert-Roos fur store, it was his oft-repeated wish that Mr. Solari might succeed him, because he knew the high reputation of the house that he had helped to found and maintain would be safe in the hands of the man who had grown up with the business and loved it as a father loves his own child.

Since the perfection of the refrigeration system, the Leppert-Roos cold storage plant has come to be a boon to the women of St. Louis, whose costly furs were menaced during the summer, not only by fire and theft, but by that greater danger, the greedy little moth. In the low temperature of this perfectly systematized and absolutely fireproof department, the larva of the moth cannot do its deadly work, even if the eggs had been deposited in the fur while it was still in milady's cedar closet. The egg needs warm weather for hatching, and the larva that has hatched, shivers and dies within a few hours after the rich fur that would have been its feast has been hung up for the summer in an atmosphere of fifty degrees or less.

The wise woman takes advantage of the slack summer time to have her fur garments made over into next winter's style, before they are placed in cold storage, and meanwhile she has selected her lovely summer furs from the bewildering supply of charming things down stairs, with A. G. Solari's knowledge and taste to aid her selection.

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## Coming Shows

In "Business Before Pleasure," which will come to the Shubert-Jefferson theatre next week, *Abe Potash* and *Mawruss Perlmutter* abandon the cloak and suit business and become "illum" magnates. As such their trials and tribulations and disagreements and tears exceed any they ever experienced before—also the mirth of the audience. This play was one of the conspicuous successes of the theatrical season of 1917-1918, and played for a solid year to capacity houses at the Eltinge theatre in New York. The New York company is being brought here with Barney Bernard as *Abe* and Alexander Carr as *Mawruss*.

Another popular institution, Neil O'Brien's Minstrels, will show at the American theatre. This aggregation of black-face artists, forty strong, have won a national reputation as laugh creators. Following their usual custom, they will appear in an entirely new production interspersed with songs, dances and feature acts. Neil O'Brien himself has written and staged two sketches, in one of which "Meatless Day" he portrays the character of *Simple Sam*. The comedians include Johnnie King, Vincent M. Dixon, "Billy" Cawley, Aris B. Raines, Major C. Nowak, Fred Miller and "Sugarfoot" Gaffney; the vocalists, Vaughn Comfort, Barton Isbel, Nyle Verne, Grover Schepp, Lea Laird, F. W. Brannen and Chas. Larrivee. A large chorus of trained voices lends additional enjoyment to the song numbers. In the intermission between the two parts of the show the Neil O'Brien orchestra will render musical selections.

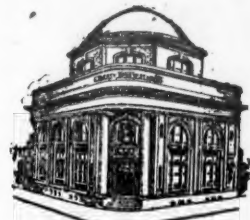
The Easter week bill at the Orpheum will be headed by Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield in "Acting Songs." Cecil Lean starred in "The Time, the Place and the Girl," "Bright Eyes" and "Three Wives;" he and the beautiful Miss Mayfield hold the record for the longest run of any musical couple on the American stage—four hundred and sixty-three consecutive performances in Chicago. Other numbers will be Paul Morton and Naomi Glass in a musical satire, "1919-1950;" Williams and Mofus in a comedy, "Hark, Hark, Hark;" Mayonee Whipple and Walter Houston in a sketch called "Shoes;" Ball and West in character studies, "Since the Days of '61;" the Littlejohns in a dazzling diamond act; Katherine Murray in songs and recitations, assisted by Murray Reubens at the piano; Sansome and Delila in something original and the Travelogue showing scenes in Ecuador.

The principal act on the Grand Opera House bill for next week will be "The Sandman's Hour;" it shows the dreams come true of a little boy who fell asleep over a fairy tale and is most beautifully costumed and staged. The program includes Keno, Keyes and Melrose, gymnasts, comedians and dancers; John T. Ray and company in "Check Your Hat;" Hickey and Hart in "A Vaudeville Treat;" Dan Leon and his six beautiful miniature performing ponies; William and Taylor, colored entertainers in "Step Lively;" Davie Jamieson in "As You Like It;" Cecil and Mac, comic singing and talking skit; Julia Edwards, eccentric comedienne; the Animated Weekly, Mutt and Jeff and Sunshine comedies, and the Dittmar Animal pictures.

Jack Levy and his Four Symphony Sisters in one of the best musical offerings in vaudeville will be the chief vaudeville attraction at the Columbia next week; while Pauline Frederick in "One Week of Life" will be the feature picture. Levy and company play everything from ragtime to operatic selections. Other attractions will be the Alaska Duo showing sports in the frozen north; Frick and Adair in a singing, dancing and piano playing act; George and Tony, excellent acrobats; and Robert Millikin in "Musical Comedy a la Carte."

## Turn About

A Canadian woman wanted to show her Chinese servant the correct way to announce visitors, and one afternoon went outside her front door, rang the bell, and made the man usher her into the drawing room. The following afternoon the bell rang, and not hearing him answer it, she went to the door herself. To her surprise he was standing outside. "Why, Sing," she asked, "what are you doing here?" "You foolee me yesterday; I foolee you today," was the reply.



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## Marts and Money

On the Stock Exchange in New York trading still is largely concentrated in things commonly and charitably known as specialties. The quotations for some of these can be raised *ad libitum*, the jugglers having been given *carte blanche*, apparently, and the high contracting powers realizing the usefulness of a prosperous-looking market on the eve of another magnitudinous government loan. Burns Brothers' stock advanced \$18 and Pan-American Petroleum preferred \$8 lately. South Porto Rico sugar gained \$10 and United Drug Company \$5. Performances such as these never fail to stir popular imagination. They are invariably attended by fine talk about earnings, inside buying, prospective dividends, stock rights, and what not.

No matter how often he may have been duped in the past, the average speculator maintains a naive faith in market gossip. He reminds of an ironic dictum of Balzac: "They are people who believe the possible is the true."

In the meanwhile, it should be noted that the prices of leading railroad shares continue to sag, even though it is now declared that the bankers will lend aid in financing the May, June and July requirements of approximately \$500,000,000, provided that President Wilson will call an extra session of Congress at an early date. There may be an issue of



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certificates of indebtedness, also, in connection with the matter, by the War Finance Corporation, which has become a most serviceable adjunct of the Treasury. The May 1 requirements alone are placed at \$100,000,000.

Constructive efforts in the transportation department were promptly abandoned when it became known that the Brotherhoods had been awarded another handsome increase in wages, the yearly total being \$65,000,000. This makes the addition to the payroll \$910,000,000 since April, 1917. If we include increases granted by the companies themselves, the grand total addition since January 1, 1916, stands at a little over \$1,250,000,000. In all probability, the Brotherhoods will ask for another increase in 1920, for every raise in wages is speedily followed by complaints of new injustices and inequalities. How's all that going to end? Either in a grave crisis or a real disaster. Especially so when one bestows some thoughts on the enormous deficit confronting the Railroad Administration. The authoritative estimate is \$900,000,000.

This comes on top of a \$1,000,000,000 bonus to the wheat-growers, which has been guaranteed by the President. The time is approaching when the folks in Washington will have to put some extra accountants to work on their books, so that they may be able to present the Nation with an understandable balance sheet. In the face of all this, one shouldn't feel astonished at the growing demand for relinquishment of Government control at the earliest possible date. When Mr. McAdoo, the first Director-General, threw up his job, I said in the MIRROR: "He just got in time; I give him credit for that." It put us in mind of the reckless remark of Mme. Pompadour: "*Après nous le déluge* (After us the deluge)!" In what ways will the railroad companies endeavor to extricate themselves from the dilemma in which they have been placed by the Government, and how long will it take them to attain that end?

Pending advent of some helpful light on the subject, thousands of timid investors and speculators are letting go of their holdings of railroad shares and bonds on the occasional upturns of a few points, even though they may feel that an advance of some importance should be witnessed before a great while, particularly after the Administration has at last made up its mind to retire from a business it cannot successfully handle. Wall Street believes that the problem cannot completely be solved without radical changes in railroad legislation, including such as concerns the Interstate Commerce Commission. At any rate, there's great confusion of minds anent the future of the railroad systems and their securities, more so, indeed, than there ever has been since the gloomy period of 1892-97.

The Chicago, M. & St. Paul Railway Co. has again resolved to defer its preferred dividend. In explanation, it has informed stockholders that "while the amount of annual compensation to be paid the company under the terms of the agreement of the Director-General is \$27,964,771, only \$6,275,000 was paid by the Railroad Administration during 1918. The company was therefore under the necessity of borrowing funds to

meet interest payments and other corporate debts as follows: Loans from the War Finance Corporation to pay interest, \$8,500,000; loans from New York banks to pay interest, \$4,500,000; loan from Railroad Administration to pay interest, \$857,000; total \$13,857,000." Further on, we are told that the company had to borrow \$3,000,000 additional in order to retire maturing issues of subsidiaries, and that the Railroad Administration also has a charge against the company of more than \$10,870,000 on account of expenditures made by it for additions and betterments to property during 1918. This is certainly a dismal report. It affords some insight into the difficulties facing the transportation properties.

The quotations of all important railroad shares are lower than they were last January. That of Union Pacific common shows a loss of \$4; that of St. Paul preferred, \$5; that of Reading, \$3; that of New York Central, \$4, and that of Pennsylvania, \$2. Even railroad bonds indicate more or less important depreciation. It ranges from three to seven points in numerous cases. This must be regarded as all the more noteworthy because January prices were at modest levels and indicative of satisfactory net yields. Of course, some account must be taken of the hurtful influences of substantial discounts in the prices of some Liberty issues. The terms of the Victory loan will, it is said, be given out in a day or two, while the Secretary of the Treasury is in New York conferring with the bankers.

United States Steel common is rated at 98½, or at a small fraction above that of a week ago. The monthly statement of the corporation revealed bookings of 5,430,578 tons as of March 31. This shows a loss of 580,215 tons when compared with the record of the previous month. Since November 11, 1918, the corporation has reported a total loss of nearly 2,700,000 tons in unfilled business. According to latest information on the subject, 3,105,059 shares of the corporation's common stock are now owned by investors, while 1,977,966 are in the hands of brokers. On December 31, 1918, the respective records were 3,013,662 and 2,096,363. The deduction to be drawn from this is that the common stock is steadily being absorbed by outright purchasers, who hold the opinion that the stock will remain a dividend payer and that a distressing break in the quotation is not likely to be seen in the measurable future.

The *Iron Age* declares that the wrangle about prices at Washington has halted business in steel and that "confidence in co-operative price maintenance has been shattered." At the same time, it is expectant not only of further readjustment in prices, but also of readjustment in wages. Ninety-four furnaces have been blown out since December 1.

Wall Street looks for peace at an early date. For this reason, it is disposed to favor buying of good stocks during spells of depression for quick turns. Only few oracles believe that prices can be raised much further. Concerning this, it may be said that the average value of representative issues has changed very little in the past two or three weeks, despite sensational



doings in specialties. There have been several million-share days lately, to the delight of the bull crowd. It's an old saw, however, that stocks should be sold when the excitement waxes great. Both bull and bear markets usually wind up with million-share days.

### Finance in St. Louis.

The local market for securities impresses one favorably. Prices show increased resiliency, and there's better demand for stocks of an investment or semi-investment character. The appointment of a receiver for the United Railways Co. is not likely to cause disagreeable unsettlement in the general situation. For it had been anticipated for some time in financial circles, despite frantic attempts, politically and otherwise, to afford relief to the company. The enlivened quest for banking shares draws considerable attention on Fourth Street. One hundred and fifteen Boatmen's Bank were sold at 117.50 the other day. This denotes a rise of \$18 over the low record of 1918. Bank of Commerce, which could be bought at 108.50 last year, is now rated at 133.

Industrial issues are notably firm. Fifty Hamilton-Brown Shoe fetched 150 lately; one hundred Certain-teed common, 31; ten Cotton Compress, 30.25; fifteen Ely-Walker D. G. common, 120; five of the second preferred, 80, and one hundred Hydraulic-Press Brick preferred, 31. The quotation for National Lead common stock, which is largely owned in St. Louis, has advanced to 71 in New York. This is the highest since 1916, when 74 3-8 was reached. The company's statement for 1918 shows 14.46 per cent earned on the common stock, after the full 7 per cent on the preferred. For 1917, the percentage earned on the common was 15.45. There can be no question that the company is in comfortable financial condition.

### Latest Quotations.

Stocks.	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank.....	117½	119
Merchants-Laclede Nat.....	270	270
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	132½	133
State National Bank.....	180	190
Liberty Bank.....	194	200
Mercantile Trust.....	336	345
Mississippi Valley Trust.....	290	295
Mortgage Trust.....	140	140
United Railways com.....	2	2½
United Railways pfd.....	10	10½
United Railways 4s.....	49¾	49¾
St. L. & Sub. gen. 5s.....	49	53
Certain-teed com.....	33¾	35
Certain-teed 1st pfd.....	84½	85
Scruggs, V. & B. com.....	35	36

### Answers to Inquiries.

STOCKHOLDER, Chillicothe, Mo.—The Ontario & Western has "deferred" its dividend, so we are informed, until receipt of sufficient funds from the Government. During 1918, \$1.38 was earned on each share of stock, as compared with \$1.68 during 1917. Impartially studied, it would appear that stockholders' interests required definite passing of the dividend. The current price of 19 plainly implies that such is the opinion among the majority of stockholders. The stock is not much of a speculation, and a doubtful investment, if bought for such a purpose. However, you should not sacrifice your certificate. Even under present conditions, 28½ cannot be regarded as an impossible figure. In 1917, sales were made at 29 and over. In 1916, the top was 34 3-8, to go no farther back than that.

TED, St. Louis.—Russian Government 4s, of 1894, are altogether speculative, as can readily be inferred from the quoted price of 23, which compares with 80 to 85 in pre-war times. The bonds are among the repudiated issues. It is hoped, of course, that ultimately the Bolshevik authorities will repudiate the act of repudiation and agree to pay in full. If they are overthrown by their enemies, Kolchak et al., redemption of the bonds will undoubtedly become a certainty, though it may be necessary to extend period of payment. Precedents justify the conclusion that soon or late the forces of conservatism will regain the upper hand.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—(1) Advance-Rumely preferred still is a speculative investment, despite the fact that the 1918 statement revealed net income of \$1,188,928, or sufficient to pay the full preferred 6 per cent dividend, which has been cumulative since January 1, 1919. For the year 1917 the net income was only \$550,557. The figures for the present year can hardly be expected to be as favorable as were those of 1918. The current quotation of 66½ cannot be regarded as especially attractive. The stock was as low as 25 7-8 last year. (2) Would advise the taking of profits on Greene-Cananea Copper.

W. R. R., Williamsport, Pa.—In former times, say up to about 1910, preferred railroad stocks, paying 4 to 8 per cent, ranked higher than industrials drawing similar rates of dividend. At present, the tendency is decidedly in favor of industrials. This despite the economic setback and readjustment. Government control is not wholly responsible for the change. Restrictive legislation and aggressive demands of labor must also be considered. Some serious blunders of the Interstate Commerce Commission are likewise to be pondered. However, there yet are some excellent preferred railroad stocks that merit careful consideration on the part of investors. Atchison preferred, Chicago & Northwestern preferred, Norfolk & Western preferred, and Union Pacific preferred are particularly commendable purchases, and quoted at figures indicating relatively high returns.

INVESTOR, Marion, O.—International Paper common is a long-pull purchase. It has received no dividends since 1899. The current price of 45 would imply that something is expected before long, owing to the remarkable expansion in earnings in recent years. You wouldn't be rash if you bought some of the stock at or around 38 during the next dip. Some months ago, 29 was touched.

D. C. H., Cleburne, Tex.—(1) Better hold your Lehigh Valley Railroad stock. (2) Virginia-Carolina Chemical is not inflated at 60, the ruling quotation. Would add to holdings at 56. There's more than a possibility that the rate may be raised to 5 per cent before the close of 1919. (3) American Tobacco 6 per cent preferred is a good investment stock, and has been so considered for years. It does not fluctuate extensively. The extremes last year were 92 1-8 and 100. The present price of 100 looks reasonable.

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